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PATRICK HENRY.*

The period of the American Revolution was rich in eminent men; but in the controversy which preceded the war no one was more conspicuous or had a greater influence in forming and directing public sentiment than Patrick Henry, the statesman and matchless orator of Virginia. A full and impartial history of this unique person—beloved and praised without stint by the men of his time, and since his death strangely maligned by a rival statesman of Virginia—has been needed; and it is a pleasure to recognize in the work before us the fact that the task has been faithfully executed by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, who has also printed such portions of the correspondence and speeches of his ancestor as could be collected. The work embraces a connected historical narrative of events, and also a profound study of all the questions in controversy

* PATRICK HENRY: Life, Correspondence, and Speeches. By William Wirt Henry. In three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

with the mother country which led up to independence; and hence it will have a place in every collection of the best books on American history.

The popular estimate of Patrick Henry has been taken from his Life by William Wirt, where he appears as a picturesque and inexplicable being—a magnetic and inspired backwoodsman, who, without education and early training, was endowed with an unsurpassed gift of eloquence which he used with magic effect in the most critical period of our national history. Mr. Wirt, attracted by the popular accounts of Mr. Henry's oratory, began in 1805 to collect materials for writing his biography. He had never seen Mr. Henry, who died in 1799; and for the facts and incidents of Mr. Henry's life he relied upon the contributions of many Virginia statesmen who had been his contemporaries. These were in the highest degree eulogistic of Mr. Henry's character, abilities, and patriotism. The exceptions to this strain of eulogy were the frequent comments of Thomas Jefferson and a few persons who were especially influenced by him. There was much bitterness of party spirit in Virginia during the later years of Mr. Henry's life. Until the first administration of Washington, Jefferson and Henry were both republicans and worked in the same party traces. Henry opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788, with all his energy; and Jefferson would have done the same if he had not fortunately been absent in France at the time. When he returned, in November, 1789, he and Henry parted company in politics. Henry set his face against all factious opposition to putting the new constitution into operation. He had, he said, opposed its adoption in the convention, with all his powers. The question had been fully discussed and settled, and he should now give it fair play, and support it. Mr. Jefferson, on the other hand, threw every obstacle in its way, and set about creating a party which he could control. Mr. Henry did not follow him, and the breach between them widened. One of the last acts of Mr. Henry's life was to denounce, with all his matchless eloquence, Jefferson's "Virginia Resolutions of 1798," asserting the right of nullification. The

"Mephistopheles of American politics" never outlived his resentment nor ceased to vilify the memory of Patrick Henry.

The influence of Jefferson, which can be traced through the whole of Mr. Wirt's narrative, gives it a strange inconsistency. In his youth—the age not given—Wirt describes "his person as coarse, his manners awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation very plain, his aversion to study invincible, and his faculties almost benumbed by indolence. No persuasion could bring him either to read or work. He ran wild in the forest, and divided his life between the dissipation and uproar of the chase and the languor of reaction." This information was furnished by Mr. Jefferson. When Henry was about nineteen years of age—as Mr. Wirt's narrative continues—

"He had not changed his character by changing his pursuits. His early habits still continued to haunt him. He resumed his violin, his flute, and his books [!]. His reading began to assume a more serious character. He studied geography, in which he became an expert. He read the charters and history of the colony. He became fond of historical works, particularly those of Greece and Rome, and soon made himself a perfect master of their contents. Livy was his favorite, and having procured a translation, he became so enamored of the work that he read it through, once at least, every year during the early part of his life. The grandeur of the Roman character filled him with surprise and admiration."

Mr. Jefferson evidently did not furnish Mr. Wirt with this description, which is highly creditable to a boy of nineteen in the backwoods of Virginia—a boy, too, whose "faculties were almost benumbed by indolence, and no persuasion could bring him either to read or work." Daniel Webster visited Mr. Jefferson at Monticello in December, 1824, and the latter gave him an account of Patrick Henry. "Henry," he said, "was originally a barkeeper. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious. He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort. He read nothing, and had no books. He could not write. His biographer [Wirt] says he read Plutarch [Livy?] every year. I doubt if he ever read a volume of it in his life." Jefferson advised Wirt, without success, to omit the Livy story. Mr. Henry met John Adams at the meeting of the Continental Congress, and told him (October 11, 1774) that at fifteen he read Virgil and Livy in the original Latin.

Patrick Henry was born May 29, 1736. His father, John Henry, was a man of classical education, the presiding magistrate of the county of Hanover, and a colonel of militia.

He defended the doctrine of eternal punishment, by a critical examination of the Greek text of the New Testament; and a clergyman said of him that he was more familiar with his Horace than with his Bible. Patrick went to a common English school till he was ten years old, when his father became his tutor, and he acquired a knowledge of Latin, mathematics, ancient and modern history, and something of Greek. He had also a careful religious training from his pious parents. This religious influence accompanied him through life, and led him to abstain from profanity and all youthful excesses. When he was about twelve years of age, the noted pulpit orator, Rev. Samuel Davies, later president of Princeton College, preached in Hanover County, and inspired in the boy a taste for oratory. Mr. Henry through life spoke of Dr. Davies as the greatest orator he ever heard. Few boys of the age of fifteen have better opportunities for an education than he had, or, so far as appears, made a better use of them. His father then placed him with a country merchant, that he might be trained in mercantile life, and after a year's experience set him and his brother up in business for themselves. At the age of eighteen he married, and the business enterprise turned out disastrously. He then tried farming; and that was equally unsuccessful. He was then twenty-four years old, and resolved to take up the profession of law. He borrowed a "Coke upon Littleton" and a "Digest of the Virginia Acts," which he read for six weeks, and then went to Williamsburg to be examined for admission to the bar. The board of examiners gave him a license with some reluctance, and evidently on other evidence of his ability than that of his knowledge of the law. He began practice in the autumn of 1760. His fee books, which were kept in a neat handwriting and in a methodical manner, have been preserved, and Mr. William Wirt Henry gives a facsimile page of them. During the first year of practice he entered the names of sixty clients, and charged 175 fees. In the first three years he charged fees in 1,185 suits, besides fees for advice and for preparing papers out of court. The fees were moderate, the cases being the ordinary business of the county courts. Mr. Jefferson, in writing to Mr. Wirt, admits that Mr. Henry's early practice at the bar was successful; but he accounts for it on the ground that it was "chiefly a criminal business. From these poor devils it was always understood that he squeezed exorbitant fees of £50, £100, and

£200. From this source he made his great profits. His other business, exclusive of the criminal, would never, I am sure, pay the expenses of his attendance." This quotation occurs in a letter which Mr. Wirt did not use, and intended to suppress; but it was printed in Dawson's "Historical Magazine" for August, 1867, page 90, with much other slander of a similar character. In the facsimile page printed there is no fee so high as twenty shillings. "His powers over a jury," continues Mr. Jefferson in this letter, "were so irresistible that he received great fees for his services, and had the reputation of being insatiable in money. He purchased from Mr. Lomax the valuable estate on Smith's river, on long credit, and finally paid for it in depreciated paper not worth oak leaves." Mr. Wirt Henry shows that the last statement was false. The fee books also show that Patrick Henry's legal practice was far greater, from the first, than Mr. Jefferson's, as claimed by Mr. Randall, his biographer.

Early in the fourth year of Mr. Henry's practice (November, 1763), he was employed as counsel in the celebrated "Parsons' cause," in the trial of which his great power as an advocate was first brought to public notice. The Church of England was the established religion of Virginia, and its ecclesiastical system was more exacting and tyrannical than that of New England. The annual pay of the clergy was fixed by the statute of 1696 at 16,000 pounds of tobacco, to be levied by the several vestries on the parishes. On account of drouth and short crops, the price of tobacco increased, and in 1758 the House of Burgesses passed an act making it lawful for debtors to pay tobacco dues and taxes in money at the rate of two pence per pound. The clergy generally objected to the act, and petitioned the Bishop of London to use his influence with the King to annul it. The price of tobacco still further increased, as well as the discontent of the clergy; but the Assembly adhered to its statute, and a bitter controversy ensued, which resulted in several clergymen bringing actions in the courts against parish collectors. One was brought by Rev. Mr. Maury, in the county court of Hanover, over which Patrick Henry's father presided. The defendant pleaded the act of the Assembly, and the plaintiff demurred on the ground that the act had not been ratified by the King. The demurrer was sustained, and nothing was left to be done in the case except to ascertain the damages. The trial came

on with Patrick Henry as counsel for the defendant, his father on the bench, and his uncle, the Rev. Patrick Henry, an interested auditor. The only evidence introduced related to fixing the market price of tobacco, which was shown to be six pence per pound. The plaintiff's counsel stated to the jury that the decision of the court had narrowed the question down to the difference between two pence and six pence per pound on 16,000 pounds of tobacco. He deplored the existing popular feeling against the clergy, whom he eulogized for their charity and benevolence. Mr. Henry rose to reply with apparent embarrassment, and made a feeble exordium. The clergy exchanged sly looks with each other, and the people hung their heads. A change in his demeanor soon occurred, which his biographer thus describes:

"His attitude beame erect, his face lighted up, and his eyes flashed fire. His gestures became graceful and impressive, his voice and emphasis peculiarly charming. His appeals to the passions were overpowering. In the language of those who heard him, 'he made their blood run cold and their hair to stand on end.' In a word, to the astonishment of all, he suddenly burst upon them as an orator of the highest order."

His line of argument was wholly outside of the path marked out for him by the opposing counsel. He had not a word to say about tobacco or its value. He discussed the fundamental principles of society and government. The latter was a conditional compact, with mutual and dependent covenants—the King stipulating protection on the one hand, and the people obedience and support on the other. A violation of those covenants by either party discharges the other from obligation. The necessities and distress of the people caused the enactment of the law of 1758, and it could not be annulled consistently with the compact between King and people. By such action the King, from being the father of his people, would degenerate into a tyrant, and forfeit all right to the obedience of his subjects. At this point the opposing counsel cried out, "The gentleman has spoken treason!" and the clergy repeated the word, "Treason! Treason!" Here was the keynote of the American Revolution, and nearly two years before the enactment of the Stamp Act. Henry then gave his attention to the clergy, and said:

"We have heard a good deal about the benevolence and holy zeal of our reverend clergy; but how is this manifested? Do they show their zeal in the cause of religion and humanity by practicing the mild and benevolent precepts of the gospel of Jesus? Do they

feed the hungry and clothe the naked? Oh, no, gentlemen. On the other hand, these rapacious harpies would, were their powers equal to their will, snatch from the hearth of their honest parishioner his last hoe-cake; from the widow and orphan children their last milch cow, the last bed; nay, the last blanket from the lying-in woman."

He then pictured the bondage of a people who are denied the privilege of enacting their own laws, and concluded by saying that under the ruling of the court the jury must find for the plaintiff; but they could find damages for any amount they chose. The jury retired, and in five minutes returned with a verdict for the plaintiff with one penny damages. No report of the speech has been preserved; but those who heard it were never tired of talking about it. The line of argument and description of incidents, from which the above has been condensed, appear in a letter of Mr. Maury, the plaintiff, to a brother clergyman.

Henry's conduct of "the Parsons' cause" greatly increased his law practice, and he soon appeared as counsel in an important case before a committee of the Assembly at Williamsburg, where, said Judge Tyler, "Such a burst of eloquence from a man so plain and ordinary in appearance struck the committee with amazement." Judge Winston said he "had observed an ill-dressed young man sauntering in the lobby; and when the case came on he was surprised to find this person counsel for one of the parties, and still more when he delivered an argument superior to any he had ever heard."

Mr. Henry was elected to the House of Burgesses in the spring of 1765, and took his seat May 20. He had not filled it three days when he was upon his feet to oppose a proposition to borrow a large sum of money partly to relieve the treasurer, John Robinson, who had also been speaker for many years, and had injudiciously loaned the public money to his personal friends in the Assembly. Mr. Jefferson, who never depreciated Mr. Henry's ability as an orator, but stated to Mr. Wirt that "Henry was the greatest orator that ever lived," thus described the incident:

"Mr. Henry attacked the scheme in that style of bold, grand and overwhelming eloquence for which he became so justly celebrated afterward. I can never forget a particular exclamation of his in the debate, which electrified his hearers. It had been urged that the sudden exaction of the money loaned must ruin the debtors and their families; but with a little indulgence of time, it might be paid with ease. 'What, sir!' exclaimed Mr. Henry, 'is it proposed, then, to reclaim the spendthrift from his dissipation and extravagance by

filling his pockets with money?' These expressions are indelibly impressed on my memory. He carried with him all the members of the upper counties, and left a minority composed merely of the aristocracy of the country. From this time his popularity grew apace; and Mr. Robinson dying a year afterward, his deficit was brought to light."

The Stamp Act, which had been enacted by Parliament in March, 1765, had reached the colonies, and was making a most profound sensation. Before Mr. Henry had been in his seat ten days, and while the leading statesmen of the land were pondering what to do, he wrote on a blank leaf of an old copy of "Coke upon Littleton" his famous "Virginia Resolutions concerning the Stamp Act," and moving them in the house, on May 29, made one of the three great speeches of his life—perhaps the greatest. Mr. Jefferson, who was then a student, heard the speech, and thus described it:

"I attended the debate at the door of the lobby of the house, and heard the splendid display of Mr. Henry's talents as a popular orator. They were great indeed; such as I never heard from any other man. He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote."

Again, writing to Mr. Wirt, Jefferson said:

"They [Henry and Johnston] were opposed by Randolph, Bland, Pendleton, Wythe, and all the old members whose influence in the house had, till then, been unbroken; . . . but torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry, backed by the solid reasoning of Johnston, prevailed."

Judge Carrington, in a letter to Mr. Wirt, declared that Mr. Henry's eloquence in the debate was beyond his powers of description. It was in this debate that Mr. Henry, treating of the tyranny of the obnoxious act, exclaimed, with a voice and gesture which startled the house: "Tarquin and Caesar had each his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—'Treason!' shouted the speaker, and "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every part of the house. Mr. Henry, fixing his eyes and gestures on the speaker, added, with a startling emphasis,—“may profit by their example! If this be treason, make the most of it.”

It is not easy to see how Mr. Henry could have drawn the celebrated Stamp Act resolutions of 1765, which became the inspiration of similar resolutions in all the other colonies, if, as Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Wirt, "He could not draw a bill on the most simple subject. There was no idea of accuracy in his head. He said the strongest things in the finest language; but without logic, without arrangement, desultorily." Nor how he could have made the impressive historical and clas-

sical allusions which abound in this and his other impromptu orations, if he read no books and owned no books. "He never," wrote Mr. Jefferson, "in conversation or debate, mentioned a hero, a worthy, or a fact in Greek or Roman history, but so vaguely and loosely as to leave room to back out. That he read Livy once a year is a known impossibility. He may have read it once, but certainly not twice." Such an instance of persistent, mean, and cowardly persecution as that with which Thomas Jefferson maligned the reputation of Patrick Henry after his death has no parallel in the annals of politics or literature. The grandson, however, in the life of his ancestor, makes very little comment on the fact, and from motives which will be readily understood. The parties were and are all Virginians, and they are loyal to the reputation of their state.

The opening signal of the Revolution was Mr. Henry's Virginia Resolutions. "The first act of any of the colonies against the authority of an act of Parliament," said Governor Hutchinson, "was in Virginia. Those resolves were expressed in such terms that many people, upon the first surprise, pronounced them treasonable"; and he states that James Otis publicly expressed this opinion on King street in Boston. Governor Bernard wrote: "The publishing of the Virginia resolutions proved an alarm-bell to the disaffected." Governor Gage wrote from New York: "The Virginia resolves gave the signal for a general outcry over the continent." Mr. Jefferson said: "Mr. Henry certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution. Edmund Randolph said: "Mr. Henry plucked the veil from the shrine of parliamentary omnipotence." Edmund Burke, in his speech on American Taxation, said: "The Virginia Resolutions were the cause of the insurrections in Massachusetts and the other colonies." John Adams wrote thus to Mr. Henry, June 3, 1776, concerning his part in framing the constitution of Virginia: "I know of no one so competent to the task as the author of the first Virginia Resolutions against the Stamp Act, who will have the glory with posterity of beginning and concluding this great Revolution."

It is to be regretted that no full report of any speech of Mr. Henry is extant. Probably no one was ever delivered from manuscript, and the reporter was not abroad in those days. The single speech by which his manner is best known was made up by Mr. Wirt, chiefly from the recollections of Judges John Tyler

and St. George Tucker. It was delivered in the Virginia Assembly, March 23, 1775, on the question of arming the Colony. It begins, "It is natural for man to indulge in illusions of hope"—every man and boy in the land knows it by heart and has declaimed it. It will be seen that it antedated by nearly a month the battle of Lexington; and yet, with the ken of a prophet, Henry said, "The next gale which sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." How these words, passing from one to another, must have stirred the colonies! "We must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us!" When this speech was first printed, in 1817, persons were living who heard it delivered, and they testified to the accuracy of the report.

George Mason, whose *Life and Writings* have recently appeared, knew Patrick Henry well, socially and in public life, and wrote of him thus, in 1774:

"He was by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard. Every word he says not only engages but commands the attention; and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is, in my opinion, the first man upon this continent, as well in abilities as in public virtues; and had he lived in Rome about the time of the first Punic war, . . . Mr. Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

Virginia made Mr. Henry its first governor, and reelected him to five subsequent terms. The sixth he declined after he had been elected. His official correspondence during these years is printed in the volumes before us, and it refutes the slander of Mr. Jefferson, that he could not write, was no man of business, and had no accuracy of idea in his head. The speeches printed are the shorthand reports of his remarks in the Virginia convention of June, 1788, convened to consider the ratification of the Federal Constitution. They are abstract, not verbatim, reports, and were not revised by their author. They probably give the substance of his remarks, but the precise words and the charm of his style are wanting.

No praise of Mr. William Wirt Henry's scholarly and impartial study of the subject, and of his simple and graceful style of writing the narrative, can be deemed extravagant. It is an easy and delightful work to read, and the author has placed the student of American history under lasting obligations to him.

W. F. POOLE.

OLD-TIME PLANTATION LIFE.*

The readers of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's former volumes will certainly welcome the new book which has come from him under the title of "On the Plantation," and those who chance to see this book without having already read "Uncle Remus" and the others, are very sure to go back and make their acquaintance also; for it is hard to take up one of these books without wanting to read all of them. There is nothing trite, nothing commonplace about Mr. Harris's writings. He not only has a simple, direct, and attractive style, but he has also something to tell, and something well worth telling; and it is doubtful if anyone else would have performed this task so well. It is claimed by some that his negro dialect is not always exactly correct; but the negro dialect varies so constantly with slight changes of locality, that it is quite probable an exact reproduction of it as it was learned by Joe Maxwell around Hillsborough in northern Georgia would not seem exactly correct to the ear of one who had heard it in Mississippi or South Carolina, or even in Southern Georgia.

However it may be about the dialect, it would be hard for anyone who knew the negro of that time even very imperfectly to believe that Mr. Harris does not faithfully portray the negro as he existed in the South at the time of the war. The old plantation negro and the old negro house-servant seem to live and talk again in his pages; and very interesting and attractive people they are, full of quaint good sense, full of affection, of good humor, and of natural courtesy. Why has the negro of to-day so completely lost the best traits that marked his race at that time? The good nature and humor are gone, and the courtesy is gone; and what good qualities have taken their place? The negro has become a voter, and in the effort to seem the peer of the whites he has copied many of the worst defects of uncultivated white men, and has at the same time lost some characteristics of his own which once made his race attractive and lovable. It is a period of transition: let us hope that as it took a hundred years to transform the African savage into the gentle and lovable negro known on many a plantation before the war, so another hundred years may develop the negro of to-day into something much better than now

*ON THE PLANTATION: A Story of a Georgia Boy's Adventures during the War. By Joel Chandler Harris, author of "Uncle Remus." With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

seems probable. It is sad that the overthrow of a great wrong like slavery must smite, for the time being, the victims as well as the oppressors.

"On the Plantation," unlike Mr. Harris's previous books, is evidently founded directly on the story and experiences of his own boyhood. Although the preface tries playfully to persuade the reader that it would be a mistake to put any credence in the narrative as autobiographical, it is impossible not to believe that Joe Maxwell is really the young Joel Chandler Harris. All the incidents of the book have that genuine and pleasing realism about them that convinces the reader that they happened, and were not imagined. Harris must have been the little boy who lived in the little town of Hillsborough in the days just before the war, and the little boy who on Tuesdays, when the Milledgeville papers arrived, could always be found at that quaint post-office, "curled up in the corner of the old green sofa, reading the *Recorder* and the *Federal Union*." He was only twelve years old, but the boy, while full of spirit, was thoughtful, and evidently precocious; and in those days, when the fate of the nation hung in the balance, everyone, young and old, was interested in political discussion.

"It so happened that those papers grew very interesting as days went by. The rumors of war had developed into war itself. In the course of a few months two companies of volunteers had gone to Virginia from Hillsborough, and the little town seemed lonelier and more deserted than ever. Joe Maxwell noticed, as he sat in the post-office, that only a very few old men and ladies came after the letters and papers, and he missed a great many faces that used to smile at him as he sat reading, and some of them he never saw again. He noticed, too, that when there had been a battle or a skirmish the ladies and the young girls came to the post-office more frequently. When the news was very important, one of the best known citizens would mount a chair or a dry-goods box and read the telegrams aloud to the waiting and anxious group of people, and sometimes the hands and the voice of the reader trembled."

But the war was afar off, in Virginia and in Kentucky, and the healthy little boy of twelve went on making the best of everything and getting the healthy boy's usual amount of enjoyment out of his surroundings. The woods and fields were full of squirrels and rabbits, not to speak of the coons and foxes; and an occasional run-away negro, and the deserters from the army who hung around in the woods trying to see and succor their famished and neglected families, lent mystery and romance to the boy's life.

At about the beginning of the war, a Mr.

Turner started the publication of *The Countryman*, a weekly paper "modeled after Mr. Addison's little paper, *The Spectator*, Mr. Goldsmith's little paper, *The Bee*, and Mr. Johnson's little paper, *The Rambler*." Mr. Turner wanted a boy to learn the printing business and to help on the paper. Joe Maxwell applied for the situation, gained it, and was installed "on the Plantation." It was a curious enterprise, the publication of this high-toned little newspaper, nine miles from a post-office, and devoted to the lofty discussion of politics and literature; but it was a success, from the start, and "at one time had a circulation of two thousand copies." The boy took kindly to his new home and his new business, and evidently found the life around him very enjoyable.

"Joe Maxwell made two discoveries that he considered very important. One was that there was a big library of the best books at his command, and the other was that there was a pack of well-trained harriers on the plantation. He loved books and he loved dogs, and if he had been asked to choose between the library and the harriers he would have hesitated a long time. The books were more numerous—there were nearly two thousand of them, while there were only five harriers—but in a good many respects the dogs were the liveliest. Fortunately, Joe was not called on to make any choice. He had the dogs to himself in the late afternoon and the books at night, and he made the most of both. More than this, he had the benefit of the culture of the editor of *The Countryman* and of the worldly experience of Mr. Snelson, the printer."

But we cannot follow the interesting story. Life was very active down on that remote plantation in the dark days of the war. The little paper was never neglected, but neither were the squirrels and the rabbits, nor the coons and the foxes. Joe and the dogs became fast friends, and found a wonderful amount of exercise and adventure. The shadows of the war had little effect either on Joe or the dogs or the negroes. The last especially kept up their gaiety and high spirits; and there are many charming glimpses of them and of the old patriarchal life of which they were so important a part. Here is a bit of talk between two old house negroes and the little children of Mr. Turner, in one of the cabins, the night before Christmas:

"'Dey tells me,' said Aunt Crissy, in a subdued tone, 'dat de cows know when Chris'mas come, an' many's de time I year my mammy say dat when twelve o'clock come on Chris'mas-eve night, de cows gits down on der knees in de lot an' stays dat-away some little time. Ef anybody else had er tole me dat I'd a des hooted at um, but, mammy, she say she done seed um do it. I ain't never seed um do it mysef, but mammy say she seed um.'

"'I bin year talk er dat mysef,' said Harbert, reverently, 'an' dey tells me dat de cattle gits down an' prays bekase dat's de time when de Lord an' Saviour wuz born'd.'

"'Now, don't dat beat all!' exclaimed Aunt Crissy. 'Ef de dumb creeturs kin say der pra'rs, I dunner what folks ought ter be doin'.'

"'An' da'rs de chickens,' Harbert went on—'Look like dey know der's sump'n up. Dis ve'y night I year de roosters crowin' fo' sev'n o'clock. I year tell dat dey crows so soon in sign dat Peter made deniance un his Lord an' Marster.'

"'I speek dats so,' said Aunt Crissy.

"'Hit bleedze ter be so,' responded the old man with the emphasis that comes from conviction."

Christmas morning—a great morning on the plantation—dawned bright and fine.

"Before sunrise the plantation was in a stir. The negroes, rigged out in their Sunday clothes, were laughing, singing, wrestling and playing. . . . Big Sam was even fuller of laughter and good-humor than his comrades, and while the negroes were waiting, his eyes glistening and his white teeth shining, he struck up the melody of a plantation play-song. In a few minutes the dusky crowd had arranged itself in groups, each and all joining in the song. No musical director ever had a more melodious chorus than that which followed the leadership of Big Sam. It was not a trained chorus, to be sure, but the melody that it gave to the winds of the morning was freighted with a quality indescribably touching and tender.

"In the midst of the song Mr. Turner appeared on the back piazza, and instantly a shout went up:

"'Chris'mas gif', marster! Chris'mas gif'!' and then, a moment later, there was a cry of 'Chris'mas gif', mistiss!'

"'Where is Harbert?' inquired Mr. Turner, waving his hand and smiling.

"'Here me, marster!' exclaimed Harbert, coming forward from one of the groups.

"'Why, you haven't been playing, have you?'

"'I bin tryin' my han', suh, an' I monst'us glad you come out, kaze I ain't nimble like I useter wuz. Dey got me in de middle er dat ring dar, an' I couldn't git out nohow.'

"'Here are the store-room keys. Go and open the door, and I will be there directly.'

"It was a lively crowd that gathered around the wide door of the store-room. For each of the older ones there was a stiff dram apiece, and for all, both old and young, there was a present of some kind. . . . In spite of the war, it was a happy time, and Joe Maxwell was as happy as any of the rest."

But the bright days passed, as bright days will do, and the heavy and black shadows of the war began to spread over the region round about the plantation. The deserters were more numerous, their families were suffering greater and greater hardships, and the battle clouds were drawing closer and closer. Atlanta had fallen (not, as Mr. Harris says, "in July," but on the first of September), the mysterious negro telegraph line was at work, and Harbert,

the old servant, told Joe that the Federal army would soon be marching through that region.

"Who told you?" asked Joe.

"De word done come," replied Harbert. "Hit bleedze to be so, kase all de niggers done hear talk un it. We-all will wake up some er dese odd-come-shorts an' fin' de Yankees des a-swarmin' all roun' here."

"What are going to do?" Joe enquired, laughing.

"Oh, you kin laugh, Marse Joe, but deyer comin'. What I gwine do? Well, suh, I'm gwine ter git up an' look at um, an' maybe tip my hat at some er de big-bugs mungst um, an' den I'm gwine on 'bout my business. I dont speck deyer gwine ter bodder folks what dont bodder dem, is dey?"

The brave little *Countryman* somehow kept on, only to die soon after the close of the war. We do not learn that it was once suspended, but whether it had to condescend to be printed on wall-paper, as was the case with more ambitious sheets, we are not told. A complete file of the quaint little paper—to which, by the way, Joe Maxwell sometimes contributed—would certainly be a curiosity now-a-days. It would be a voice from a state of society that has forever passed away.

At the close of the book, those who marched with General Sherman through that devoted region have a chance to know how they looked to the small Confederate urchins who watched them pass. Joe had seated himself on a fence beside the road, and began to whittle on a rail.

"Before he knew it the troops were upon him. He kept his seat, and the Twentieth Army Corps, commanded by General Slocum, passed in review before him. It was an imposing array as to numbers, but not as to appearance. For once and for all, so far as Joe was concerned, the glamour and romance of war were dispelled. The skies were heavy with clouds, and a fine irritating mist sifted down. The road was more than ankle-deep in mud, and even the fields were boggy. There was nothing gay about this vast procession, with its tramping soldiers, its clattering horsemen, and its lumbering wagons, except the temper of the men. They splashed through the mud, cracking their jokes and singing snatches of songs.

"Joe Maxwell, sitting on the fence, was the subject of many a jest, as the good-humored men marched by.

"Hello, Johnny? Where's your parasol?"

"Jump down, Johnny, and let me kiss you good-by!"

"Johnny, if you are tired, get up behind and ride!"

"Run and get your trunk, Johnny, and get aboard!"

"He's a bushwhacker, boys. If he bats his eyes, I'm a-goin' to dodge."

"Where's the rest of your regiment, Johnny?"

"If there was another one of 'em a-settin' on the fence, on t'other side, I'd say we was surrounded."

"These and hundreds of other comments, exclamations, and questions, Joe was made the target of; and if he stood the fire of them with unusual calmness, it was because this huge panorama seemed to him to be the outcome of some wild dream. That the Federal

army should be plunging through that peaceful region, after all he had seen in the newspapers about Confederate victories, seemed to him to be an impossibility. The voices of the men, and their laughter, sounded vague and insubstantial. It was surely a dream that had stripped war of its glittering trappings and its flying banners. It was surely the distortion of a dream that tacked onto this procession of armed men droves of cows, horses, and mules, and wagon-loads of batteaux!"

What a commentary on the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"! Mud-stained and soiled, through rain and mist, sometimes hatless, sometimes shoeless, but seeing through the rain and mist the nearing end of that great wrong that had kept them so long from home and friends, the victorious veterans strode by, and it is no wonder the little Confederate boy who had been nurtured on the editorials of the plantation *Countryman* was blind to the sense of duty, the willing self-sacrifice, the tireless toiling in a sacred cause, that rendered this weather-stained host "all glorious within," and gave them, dilapidated as they were, a noble and a martial bearing never more justly won. They could afford to be muddy and weather-stained, and to abandon themselves to the hilarious enjoyment of their rough jokes and songs. They had saved their country, and with it the old plantation and the little boy who sat upon the fence.

The army of General Sherman was the harbinger of a new order of things. It was the rough final blow that laid low the giant rebellion and finally brought peace and "the lifting up of a section from ruin and poverty to prosperity; the molding of the beauty, the courage, the energy, and the strength of the old civilization into the new, the gradual uplifting of a lowly race. . . . A larger world beckoned to Joe Maxwell, and he went out into it; . . . but the old plantation days still live in his dreams."

It is a pity that in this day of many books there is so little room for such a fresh and genuine one as this. Such books are covered up and lost sight of under scores of new publications that never ought to have been issued. In the multitude, little discrimination is observed. Almost all are praised moderately; few strongly; and still fewer are condemned. Readers are bewildered, and spend their time over absolutely worthless books, while "books that are books," like this, are lost sight of and neglected. Oh, for a higher standard among publishers, readers, and reviewers! A hundred volumes of to-day might well fail and disappear, to make room for one fresh, wholesome, genuine book

like "On the Plantation"; full as it is of the odors of the woods and fields, full of kindly and picturesque sketches of simple and unconventional people, both white and black, full of truth and nature, but with no overstrained and degrading realism, no sensational working up of effects. It is a pleasure to read the book, and a greater pleasure to accord it this honest meed of praise.

ALEXANDER C. MCCLURG.

GREEK PAPYRI IN EGYPTIAN TOMBS.*

The finding of written documents in the fabric of Egyptian mummy cases, by W. Flinders Petrie, in 1889, attracted the attention of all interested in the land of the Nile. These discoveries, remarkable in many ways, have been explained and elaborated by Professor Mahaffy, in a work of absorbing interest not only to Egyptologists, but to classical scholars, and to students of history, jurisprudence, and palæography as well. While Mr. Petrie was exploring the necropolis of Tell Gurob, on the shores of the vanished Lake Moeris, he noticed that some of the mummy cases were made of layers of papyri glued together and painted. In these he detected traces of writing, and straightway set about the almost hopeless task of separating and cleaning the various fragments. The ink in many places was entirely effaced by the glue or the lime used to form a surface for coloring. But through good fortune and great care, he rescued a large number of more or less legible lines, and brought them to England. Here they were committed to the very competent hands of A. H. Sayce and J. P. Mahaffy, who sorted, arranged, and began to decipher them. Soon it became apparent that the mutilated pieces from which later generations had made a kind of *papier maché* for burial purposes, were portions of the valued and official papers of their predecessors who lived in the third century before Christ.

There is hardly anything in literary annals more delightful than the account of the days spent at Oxford in the Long Vacation of 1890, by the two scholars, in poring over these most strangely revealed records of the past. Gradually there emerged the remains of a very care-

fully and beautifully written roll containing the *Phædo* of Plato, in an earlier text than any heretofore known, and probably representing its condition before it was edited by the critics of Alexandria. Then there came to light portions of three pages of the last act of Euripides' celebrated play of *Antiope*, which we have only in an imperfect condition, going far to complete it. Next appeared a few short pieces of poetry, seeming to be elegant extracts for the use of schools, some fragments of the *Iliad* containing several terminations and beginnings of lines not to be found in any known manuscript of Homer, but identified in part with a passage in the Eleventh Book; scraps from other classic authors, a quotation from a lost play, and a page from a discourse on Good Fellowship, all writ in the purest Greek.

One small fragment has a curious interest and importance. It is from the work of Alkidamas, the contemporary and rival of Isocrates, entitled the *Mouseion*, the original tract which supplied part of the material for the extant "Contest of Homer and Hesiod." The book known by this name was produced by some Hellenistic sophist not earlier than the second century A.D., since it cites an opinion of the Emperor Hadrian. Twenty years ago a German scholar, F. Nietzsche, made a critical examination of it and the legend it is based upon, and, from a few stray hints in the only known authorities, came to the conclusion that the story of the Contest was old and widely spread long before Hadrian's day, that our present account of it was put together by its author from ancient materials of which the main source was the *Mouseion* of Alkidamas, from whom the contest of the two great poets received its earliest literary form, and that certain lines were literally transcribed from the original work, and were not the invention of a later day as some claimed. The text here recovered brilliantly confirms the judgment of this acute critic. It shows that the Contest was not an invention of Hadrian's age, but existed in much the same form four hundred years earlier, that it then probably had great popularity, and that the reading which Nietzsche defends was the reading in the third century B.C., and therefore almost certainly the genuine text. It rarely happens to a scholar in this field to receive such unexpected proof of the correctness of a theory, and to have it proved to be based upon such profound learning and sagacity.

Together with these classical treasures were

* THE FLINDERS-PETRIE PAPYRI. With Transcriptions, Commentaries, and Index. By the Rev. John P. Mahaffy, D.D., LL.D. Autotypes I. to XXX. ("Cunningham Memoirs" No. VIII.) Dublin: Royal Irish Academy.

many legal or official documents, bearing dates which were a great surprise to their investigators. Up to this time no Greek papyri had been discovered in Egypt of a period before the Christian era. But here was a long series of official copies of wills, labor accounts, records of judgments and other papers in the Grecian language, unmistakably dated in the reigns of the second and third Ptolemies, or from 280 to 220 B.C. There were also portions of private letters, some in clear and beautiful handwriting, begging petitions, acknowledgments of money received, and reports of work done, all of about the same period, imbedded in these cases. The private letters were usually written on long narrow strips of papyrus which have been torn in two by the coffin makers, and so mutilated that it is difficult to decipher their meaning. The writing was, however, peculiarly large and fine, by way of showing respect, or as evidence of politeness, as Professor Mahaffy supposes. He instances the words of St. Paul: "See with what large letters I have written you in mine own hand." One epistle from a steward to his employer, Sosiphanes, is complete except the writer's name. It opens with a greeting and much thanks to the Gods that his master is well, and informs him that the whole vineyard has been planted and the climbing vines attended to, that the olive yard has yielded six measures, and that they are making conduits and watering; which shows that vines and olive trees were then cultivated in the district of the Fayoum.

Only such a scholar as Mahaffy could have reconstructed from these fragmentary materials, and the stores of his own learning, the history of the Grecian colony in Egypt to which these resurrected manuscripts belonged. But he has made it as vivid as though the men who read and enjoyed these classic works, who executed these wills and contracts and wrote these letters, were living in our midst to-day. We see the Greek soldiers of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who paraded the streets of Alexandria at his coronation, dismissed with handsome gifts, and settled as landed proprietors on the fertile slopes around Lake Moeris. So minute are the descriptions of them in some of these papers that we know from whence they came, whether Thrace, Arcadia, or Argos; their age and height, their features, the color of their hair, and whether it was straight or curly, their battle scars, usually about the head, and the names of the old regiments in which they had served, whether the cavalry or the heavy-

armed infantry. We see them engaged in the culture of the vine and the olive, transacting business, and introducing Grecian customs, forms, and literature. We read the evidences of similar settlements of Grecian veterans in this part of the Fayoum under later kings, and the indications that when called to foreign wars under the military tenure by which they held the soil, a native insurrection broke out at home. And they doubtless returned to find themselves dispossessed, and unable to reconquer their lands; and so their precious things were despised by those of another race, and their books and letters and documents were discarded, and the fragments put to the curious use which has preserved them to our day.

The subject proper is enriched by the learned author of this Memoir with most interesting disquisitions upon papyri in general, the demotic writing, the bibliography of Ptolemaic Greek documents, the history of the times of the first two Ptolemies, the texts of the Petrie Papyri, and the palæographical results of their decipherment, each most worthy to be the theme of a separate and special article. There is space only to indicate some of the principal conclusions which Professor Mahaffy derives from the marvellous discovery of the Flinders Petrie Papyri. He finds these to be the recovery of by far the oldest specimens of any classical text the modern world has yet seen, and of the best of all the classical manuscripts found in Egypt; ample materials for new studies of the times of the Ptolemies and for a history of them such as has not yet been written; the reconsideration of the hitherto accepted theory of jurists as to the development of the right of bequest; and much new light upon the rapidly expanding science of Greek palæography. He tells us, as he well may, that this Memoir contains materials enough to satisfy the most exacting lover of antiquarian novelties. But it is the privilege of the lover of antiquarian novelties of Egypt never to be satisfied, for each year reveals some new wonder of this kind; and hence, as Professor Mahaffy says, that he has still in hand a store of unseparated fragments sent him by Mr. Petrie from this same wonderful source, which he is now endeavoring daily to explicate and to read, we may confidently hope to be ere long delighted with the revelation of still other treasures from among these papyri, so marvellously preserved and brought to light.

EDWARD G. MASON.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

"If nature loves thee, so doth conquering time;
The lyre that sixty years ago was strung
To beauty, when thy song of morn was sung,
Time touched with thee till beauty grew sublime.
The voice which ravished, in that morning rhyme,
Ears of a day now dead and lit its tongue,
Grown now to godlike—neither old nor young—
Rings through the world in an immortal prime."

"The voice grown now to godlike." In this happy phrase Mr. Theodore Watts describes the impression made upon all ears fit to hear by the work of Lord Tennyson's latest years. There is indeed something divinely spiritual, something beyond the ken of mere earthly soul-vision, in such poems as "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "Demeter," "Teiresias," and "Crossing the Bar." And, although the dramatic form does not permit this quality so distinctly to appear, it is not wanting in either "Becket" or "The Foresters." Mr. Ruskin says, in words that appeal to our deepest race-consciousness, that "we are rich in an inheritance of honor, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst

*THE FORESTERS: Robin Hood and Maid Marian. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

POEMS BY THE WAY. Written by William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MARAH. By Owen Meredith. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

POEMS. By William Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co.
POTIPHAR'S WIFE, and Other Poems. By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE IN THE INFINITE. By George Francis Savage-Armstrong, M.A., D. Lit. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

LYRICS OF THE HUDSON. By Horatio Nelson Powers. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

THE DEAD NYMPH, and Other Poems. By Charles Henry Lüders. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN THE CITY BY THE LAKE. By Blanche Fearing. Chicago: Searle & Gorton.

LYRICS. By Cora Fabbri. New York: Harper & Brothers.

POEMS. By Maurice Thompson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FLASKS AND FLAGONS, Pastels and Profiles, Vistas and Landscapes. By Francis S. Saltus. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

DREAMS AFTER SUNSET. Poems by Francis S. Saltus. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

SELECTED POEMS BY WALT WHITMAN. Edited by Arthur Stedman. New York: C. L. Webster & Co.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

POLITICAL VERSE. Edited by George Saintsbury. New York: Macmillan & Co.

TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE. Collected and Arranged by Mary R. Silsby. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE LITERARY REMAINS OF CHARLES STUART CALVERLY. With a Memoir by Sir Walter J. Sendall, K.C.M.G. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THEOCRITUS TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. By C. S. Calverly. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE HELL OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Edited, with Translation and Notes, by Arthur John Butler. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. II., Purgatory. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honor, should be the most offending souls alive." It will ever be to us a cause for peculiar gratitude toward the great modern poet of our race, that, like Shakespeare, his genius should have been in large measure consecrated to the task of deepening the emotion associated with the more significant epochs of our "thousand years of noble history." In "The Foresters," even the familiar story of Robin Hood is given a new significance, deeper than usually attaches to it, for it is made to foreshadow the new day of freedom whose dawn was at Runnymede.

"I think they will be mightier than the King"

is the pregnant verse in which Robin Hood prophesies the outcome of the growing strength of the barons. As for the purely poetic charm of the work, nothing, perhaps, may be more fitly said than that it makes the forest glades of Sherwood as enchanted a spot as those of Arden were made by Shakespeare. We must find place at least for one lyric:

"To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

Aside from the songs, "The Foresters" does not readily lend itself to quotation. Its beauty is not found in patches, but rather in its unity of emotional appeal and its sustained purity of style.

Mr. Morris's "Poems by the Way" include songs and ballads (some of the latter translations from the wealth of Danish literature), and a few lyrics of socialism, or, rather, pœans in its praise and prophecies of its triumph. The poems are characterized by that simplicity of diction at which Mr. Morris has always aimed, and with peculiar success in recent years, and by that affectation of Teutonic archaism which almost ceases to be felt as affectation because of the great nobility and purity of the style. Mr. Morris has lived so long among the sagas that he has become a real sagaman himself, and a more primitive form of speech than ours has become habitual with him. In the poem of "The Three Seekers," for example, there are 783 words altogether, and of these only seventy-three, including compounds, are of more than one syllable. Beyond three-syllabled words the vocabulary of the poem does not go, and to count a meagre dozen of these we have to include such forms as "summer-tide," "overlong," and "anything." The proportion of long words is hardly greater in the beautiful poem of "Iceland First Seen," opening as follows:

"Lo from our loitering ship
a new land at last to be seen;
Toothed rocks down the side of the firch
on the east guard a weary wide lea,
And black slope the hillside above,
striped adown with their desolate green:
And a peak rises up on the west
from the meeting of cloud and of sea,

Foursquare from base unto point
like the building of Gods that have been,
The last of that waste of the mountains,
all cloud-wreathed and snow-flecked and gray,
And bright with the dawn that began
just now at the ending of day.

"Ah! what came we forth for to see
that our hearts are so hot with desire?
Is it enough for our rest,
the sight of this desolate strand,
And the mountain-waste voiceless as death
but for winds that may sleep not nor tire?
Why do we long to wend forth
through the length and the breadth of a land,
Dreadful with grinding of ice,
and record of scarce hidden fire,
But that there mid the gray grassy dales
sore scarred by the ruining streams
Lives the tale of the Northland of old
and the undying glory of dreams?"

This is English reduced to its lowest terms, yet who will venture to say that it has lost anything of its dignity or force?

The posthumous volume of her husband's poems just given to the public by Lady Lytton is not without interest, although it adds but a slight increment to the author's reputation. Its prevailing note is that of pessimism, as the title "*Marah*" indicates, but the pessimism is not of the robust objective sort that we find in Omar Khayyám and Schopenhauer, or even in Leopardi; it does not embrace the world of humanity in its grasp; it is the pessimism of mood, not of temper. Like most of Owen Meredith's later work, this deals too largely in abstractions to make a strong appeal to the poetic sense. But it has, at its best, compactness of thought, and its thought is carefully and logically worked out. The poems are all short, and are arranged in a sort of sequence, something as the sonnets in Rossetti's "*House of Life*" are arranged. Their general theme is the bitterness of disappointed love. "*Antagonisms*," which we quote, is at once a good and a typical example:

"Ah, who can reconcile the Brain and Heart?
Reason and Passion? Thought and Sentiment?
Genius and Woman? Far they tend apart,
And only meet in terrible dissent.

"Genius, sufficing to itself, abounds
In its own being. Love can but fulfil
Its being in another. Woman founds
Her power upon the ruins of Man's will.

"The love she gives him costs a kingdom's price,
Tho' freely given the gift. It takes away
His grandeur from him. And that sacrifice
She neither understands, nor can repay."

This is obviously the language of philosophy rather than of poetry, but as such it has form and force.

Only a series of excerpts more extensive than our limits permit would do adequate justice to the "*Poems*" of Mr. William Watson. There is an ode to "*Autumn*" with such lines as these:

"Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
And in the storm-dismantled forest-choir
For thine own elegy the winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre."

Then we come upon a tribute to the memory of Matthew Arnold, couched in such terms as the following:

"But he preserved from chance control
The fortress of his 'stablist' soul;
In all things sought to see the whole;
Brooked no disguise;
And set his heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize.

Then there are finely-chiselled epigrams like this on "*Shelley and Harriet Westbrook*," which certainly will find no one cruel enough to describe it as "*chatter about Harriet*":

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden — loved it for an hour;

"Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruined rosebud, tears."

Last of all, there is the noble poem entitled "*Wordsworth's Grave*," almost worthy to stand beside Matthew Arnold's "*Thyrsis*," a poem whose half hundred stanzas are all as beautiful as these opening ones:

"The old, rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;
Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

"Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near.
His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
Surely the heart that read her own heart clear
Nature forgets not soon; 'tis we forget.

"We that with vagrant soul his fixity
Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

"Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
Far from her homestead to the desert brown,
The vagrant soul returning to herself,
Wearily wise, must needs to him return."

The verses of Sir Edwin Arnold excite various kinds of interest, but among them the poetic interest is hardly included. They open to us new vistas of thought; they give us glimpses of alien modes of feeling, but they do not stir us deeply. In the collection just published, we have three groups of pieces, Egyptian, Japanese, and miscellaneous. The selection of "*Potiphar's Wife*" for the subject of a serious poem was hardly a happy one. It is a subject that literature has never been willing to take seriously, and all its literary associations are against such treatment. In this volume, as elsewhere, the author is at his best when inspired by the wisdom of India. For once, when he translates from the "*Dhammapada*," he forgets conceits and strikes a vein of genuine poetry.

"*One in the Infinite*" is a volume of over four hundred pages, and we learn from it that Mr. George Francis Savage-Armstrong, the author, has published eight other volumes of verse approaching it in size. This is certainly a prodigious output, when we consider that it represents work of a considerable degree of excellence; verse carefully thought out and generally correct in form. The volume before us is a sort of spiritual Pilgrim's Progress embodied in some two hundred short poems

intensely subjective in utterance. It gives expression to the varying moods of a soul cast adrift from the moorings of faith, its tempest-buffed course, and the peace of the final haven with its broader outlook and serener sky. Many a reader of this modern age will find in the book a faithful transcript of what his own soul has experienced, and accord it a warmer welcome than it merits on technical grounds alone. Yet it is not without distinctive excellence of form, as it runs the gamut of doubt and despair, of new-dawning hope and ultimate peace. Its exultant closing chord may be taken as an illustration:

"O, with what light this fragile mind may steer
Through the thick mists its dim and devious way,
I, having walked with Night and dwelt with Fear,
One Truth have found, one steadfast Voice obey.
I, wafted through the immeasurable Deep,
Know not to what far Good my life is borne;
Yet, whether on my way I wake or sleep,
I wander not amid the vast forlorn;
He guides whose storms, that o'er the midnight sweep,
Melt in the scarlet radiance of morn."

This stanza may be taken as offering an epitome of both the faults and the merits of Mr. Savage-Armstrong's work. We should hardly say that the latter are outweighed by the former.

"Lyrics of the Hudson" is the title of a posthumous volume by Dr. H. N. Powers, edited, with a memorial introduction, by Mr. Oscar Fay Adams. It was never the author's aim to scale the higher peaks of Parnassus; he was contented with the conquest of its gentler ascents, but his outlook, the conquest once made, was free and fair. In this volume, as in the two others that bear his name, he muses in tranquil contentment upon nature and human life. His religious reflections have no burden of theological dross; they speak from the heart to the heart. Nothing could well be more perfect, in their simple way, than "Behind the Veil" and "A Rural Church." We take these stanzas from the latter, a poem fairly to be matched with Bryant's best work:

"Near by are sumptuous hills, and lordly trees
Their summits crown and fringe the pools below,
Where, under their majestic canopies,
Daisies and golden-hearted lilies blow.
"It is the Sabbath, and the summer morn
Is sweet with flowers, and birds, and new-mown hay,—
As if a spirit breathed, and life new born
Blossomed in all that glorifies the day.
"Within, the church is redolent with blooms
Fresh from the fields whose orisons they bear:
God's peace is on them, and their smile reumes
The hopes of hearts away with their care."

Such verses bring a benediction with them, as Mr. Adams suggests. And we can easily understand how, as he further says, "to have known the writer in his bodily presence is to have felt that same benediction strike deep down among all the fibres of one's mortal being."

The final summons came to Dr. Powers in the years of his ripeness; to Charles Henry Lüders it came in the years of promise but partly fulfilled.

The volume in which his scattered poems have been collected, and for which Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman stands sponsor, exhibits unusual qualities of finish, grace, and strength. Imagination, too, is not wanting, as may be shown by the little poem called "Star-Dust," which must be our sole selection from the volume's various wealth.

"Innumerable ages since, — before
The Sun's gold paled to silver on the moon,
Or earth ran round to take on both their hues, —
A monstrous bubble, out of Chaos blown,
Swelled through the dusk, grew luminous, and lit
All space an instant; then, with ringing shock,
Burst, — and from out the jewelled mist there swung
Millions of stars to glow forevermore!"

"In the City by the Lake," Miss Fearing's second volume of poems, consists of two long narratives in blank verse. Their scene is laid in Chicago, their incidents are mostly commonplace, and their burden is tragic. They embody a passionate revolt against the conventionalities of a complex civilization and the industrial conditions of modern life, and a socialism of the nobler sort is their suggested remedy. It was evident to readers of Miss Fearing's remarkable first volume that her strength was in rhymed and lyric measures rather than in blank verse, and the verse of these new poems exhibits little or no advance. Perhaps this is mainly due to the fact that its flight is impeded by the hopelessly prosaic character of the majority of the incidents described. The author has committed herself to a realism that makes poetry well nigh impossible. If a poet will sing about such things, for example, as a young married couple setting up their *ménage*, nothing better than the following is likely to result, whatever be the talent of the writer:

"So Edith Earle and Walter Grey were wed,
And made their nest up in a pleasant flat,
Upon a quiet street, and merrily chirruped
And sang like birds about its furnishing."

When Miss Fearing deals with the real subject-matter of poetry, the product is of a very different sort, as we may see from this, which is but one of a hundred equally fine passages:

"I could hear
The timid pulses in the veins of flowers,
The dazed stars tripping on the robes of dawn,
The soft wing-music of the passing hours,
Strange melody from spheres beyond our own,
The low-toned planets, and the flute-like wail
Of patient suns that feed their worlds with light
Through linked forevers. I could see the eve
Distilling its bright dew far up in heaven.
I saw the sun and ocean making clouds,
The opening of new buds, the birth of worlds;
And yet, through all my journey's weary length,
The glory of her smile was everywhere,
Clothing the whole world with an aureole.
The music of her voice was everywhere,
Girdling the world with melody."

It is impossible not to be impressed by the sincerity of all of Miss Fearing's work, and by the beauty and power of considerable portions of it.

The "Lyrics" of Miss Fabbri make it evident that the premature death of the writer was a real

loss to poetry. Imperfect as is their workmanship in many instances, there is enough of good work with the true singing quality to make it clear that the writer would have gone far, as the French say, had she lived. Take, for example, this triolet:

"The sweet blue iris stars the stream,
And green woods are alive with song.
The wild pink-petaled roses dream,
The sweet blue iris stars the stream,
And two gold-throated linnets seem
To sing their hearts out all day long.
The sweet blue iris stars the stream,
And green woods are alive with song.

It is a trifle, indeed, but many of Shelley's lyrics are no more, and it is absolutely perfect in its way. Here is another example of the exquisite work of which the writer was capable:

"God spoke to her, and so she fell asleep.
I laid a white fair lily on her heart,
And when I saw her face I could not weep.
"It had the peace Death only understands;
And when I knew she would not wake on earth
I laid my heart between her folded hands.
"God spoke to her so softly, saying: 'Rest.'
And when she wakes in heaven, she will find
My lily and my heart upon her breast."

Like most young writers, Miss Fabbri could not escape at times from merely echoing the form and passion of other poets. The following stanzas from "Memoria in Eterna" will illustrate this:

"O Heart, do you remember
How close the violets grew?
How drooping willows touched us
And gold sun-swords pierced through?
I talked, as men do ever,
Of loves that falter never,
Of lives no hand can sever,
Of hearts forever true.
"I talked, as men do ever,
Of all that was to be.
God filled my folded flowers
With thorns I could not see.
Dear as a cherished token,
Fleet as a love-word spoken,
My dreams lie shattered, broken,
In death's eternal sob."

These lines are so beautiful that we need not be greatly concerned at the fact that Mr. Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine" alone made them possible. It is at least equally certain that Mr. Swinburne's poem could not have been written except by a reader of Miss Rossetti's "Dream Land," and perhaps even that poem had itself some untraced antecedent. The deeper one goes into the study of origins, the more perplexing it becomes.

Mr. Maurice Thompson, in one of his recently published "Poems," observes:

"O lark!
I mark,

Since Shelley died, thy wings have somewhat failed."

The observation would probably have occurred to the reader in any case, for the poem is an ode "To an English Skylark," and the wing-failure is very obvious. The chaotic metrical form of this poem and many of its fellows makes it impossible to take

them very seriously. Mr. Thompson sings of many other birds besides skylarks — of nightingales, for example — but "the clarion" of Shelley and Keats most certainly "is whist" in his numbers, to use his own enigmatical phrase. As he elsewhere remarks, the beauty of such things

"inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought antholysis"

of a sort that he seems unable to effect. Of the oriole—"Spring's favorite lampadephore," he says, rather obscurely,—

"A hot flambeau on either wing
Ripples as you pass me by;
'Tis seething flame to hear you sing,
'Tis hearing song to see you fly,"

which, although it may be rhyme, is certainly not reason. But Mr. Thompson sometimes casts aside eccentricity, and pens a pretty poem, such as "Atalanta":

"When Spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love in green cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

"She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end I know is death.

"But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

"O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything!"

We have heretofore noticed the work of Mr. F. S. Saltus, who died recently at a very early age, and whose poems are now in process of publication. Two volumes have recently appeared in addition to the two that we have already reviewed, and one of them contains the statement that over five thousand pieces are included in the literary remains of this precocious and industrious versifier. Little or none of the work thus far published has any sort of finish, and no evidence is afforded of its author's possession of a true poetic gift. Facility seems to have been fatal to whatever talent may have lurked in embryo within his consciousness. The suggestion that he was a second Baudelaire, charitably made by the friend to whom one of the volumes is dedicated, is particularly amusing. He undoubtedly imitates Baudelaire in the baser moods of the French poet's genius, but he only produces the impression of a writer bent upon showing how very naughty he can be. The last volume that we reviewed was wholly given over to this sort of thing; in those now before us it only appears intermittently. "Dreams after Sunset" includes about a hundred and twenty-five miscellaneous pieces, many of them personal. "Flasks and Flagons" is a collection of sonnets devoted to the praise of alcohol in its various disguises. Nearly everything that a man can drink, from absinthe to beer, receives its special tribute of song. Coupled

with this series of sonnets is another series, called "Pastels and Profiles," and addressed to historical characters from Caligula to Frederick the Great. This volume also includes a number of "poems of places," under the general title, "Vistas and Landscapes."

Mr. Whitman, not long before his death, yielded to the urgent solicitation of friends that a selection of his poems might be published. Mr. Arthur Stedman undertook the work, and the result is a small volume of "Selected Poems" in whose preparation much skill and taste have been evinced. One of the reasons why the American public has been slow to recognize the genius of the great man so recently taken from our midst is doubtless to be found in his own insistence upon being either accepted or rejected as a whole. The English public received better treatment, for Mr. W. M. Rossetti's selection appeared in 1867, and to that selection was doubtless due the very general recognition of Mr. Whitman's powers by the English critics and readers. It is rather humiliating to be taught by another country—even by our own mother-country—to appreciate the work of one of our own poets, but precisely that has been our experience in this case. Our general public has not yet learned the lesson, and Mr. Stedman's volume will prove very helpful in its inculcation. After all, it is only in some sort of selection that it is possible for Whitman to live, but it is safe to predict that, in some such form as the present, his work will live as long as anything hitherto produced in our literature. The essentials of poetry exist in his work, and are sure of their impression if they have a chance to make it, but they are so nearly swamped by cacophonous catalogues and a vague and vaporous philosophy that the search for them is really too discouraging for the average reader, who ought very heartily to thank Mr. Stedman for saving him the trouble.

Probably no other man living, on the whole, was better fitted than Mr. Lang to edit a selection from the poems of Robert Burns, and the volume which he has prepared for the "Parchment Library" is nearly perfect, both as an example of editorial work and of book-making. Mr. Lang is at once enough of a Scotchman to fully appreciate the singular beauty and the verbal felicities of his great fellow-countryman's work, and enough of a literary cosmopolitan to preserve a due sense of proportion in his estimate. The Scotsman pure and simple is too "touchy" upon the subject of Burns to be a fair judge, and the Englishman—even if, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, he have the truest of poetical insight and the best will in the world—is still shut off from that intimate sympathy which is essential to such a task. The fact is that too many Scotsmen praise without knowledge, and that, as the present editor remarks, "In some places the enthusiasm of his birthday suppers would be chilled if anyone brought in a copy of the poems and asked for a few explanations"; while to English students the fact also is that Burns "is, and must be, a foreign clas-

sic." Mr. Lang's introductory essay of fifty pages is a model of its kind. The pieces selected number about twenty-five miscellaneous poems, and more than double that number of songs. They include nearly everything that helps to make the poet immortal, and they are printed with careful regard to text and orthography.

Mr. Saintsbury's little volume of selected "Political Verse" performs a really useful work. It collects the more famous satirical pieces of our literature, all the way from Skelton to Mr. H. D. Traill. "Some such verse," says Mr. Saintsbury (with that peculiar disregard for conventional English that has made him an authority upon the subject of prose style), "have been very popular in their own time." Spenser, Marvell, Dryden, Defoe, Prior, Swift, Akenside, Churchill, Canning, Byron, Moore, Praed, and Thackeray, are represented, as well as "Peter Pindar," "The Rolliad," and "The Anti-Jacobin." There are a few notes, both with the poems and at the end of the volume.

Miss Silsby's collection of "Tributes to Shakespeare" is an admirable little book. The tributes are poetical (at least they have the form of verse), with the exception of a few very brief prose passages placed at the close of the volume. One naturally thinks of Dr. Ingleby's "Century of Prayse" in connection with such a work, but the two collections are essentially dissimilar, Dr. Ingleby's being far more comprehensive in scope, but also far more restricted in time. Miss Silsby's first selection is John Weever's epigram, "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare," written in 1595, and is followed by five others which date from the poet's lifetime. Then come the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with some half a hundred "tributes." Finally, there are about four-score pieces by nineteenth century writers, among which are included Keats, Landor, Arnold, Browning, and Swinburne, and, of Americans, Longfellow, Emerson, Stoddard, and Gilder. The tercentenary of 1864 produced a plentiful crop of verses (the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" almost dropping into poetry on that occasion,) and a number of these are given. Mr. T. W. Higginson's fine sonnet, "Since Cleopatra Died," finds a place here, and we make particular mention of the fact because the misquotation from "Antony and Cleopatra" which heads the poem is also reproduced. We have already twice called attention in THE DIAL to this amazing blunder, and now do so for the third time. Perhaps the most nearly adequate of all these poems is Mr. Arnold's noble sonnet, although Mr. Browning's, written for the "Shakespearean Show-Book" in 1884, is a close second.

A new edition of the works of C. S. Calverly affords us a pretext for the pleasant task of calling renewed attention to one of the ripest of scholars, rarest of wits, and most lovable of men. The volume entitled "Literary Remains" is prefaced by a friendly memoir, patched up by Sir Walter J. Sells from his own recollections of Calverly, and

from the recollections of Professor J. R. Seeley, Mr. Walter Besant, and others. The delightfully informal character of the sketch is in keeping with the unconventional character of the man whom it illustrates, and is more satisfactory than a set biography. Calverly's college pranks, his athletic feats, his astonishing *tours de force* in Latin and Greek verse-making, and back of all this exuberance of physical and intellectual energy, his gentle and manly nature, are all sketched for us with a sympathy of the most contagious sort. As for the "Remains," they include some of Calverly's best Greek and Latin poems and translations, a few original pieces omitted from other collections, and a series of English versions of Latin hymns which should find their place in every anthology of English sacred song. The volume also contains three brief but weighty papers on verse-translation, in which are stated the principles that guided the author in his own work of this sort. And it is safe to say that no better work of the sort exists in our language. This statement the "Theocritus," which occupies a volume by itself, sufficiently attests. So nice a preservation of both form and sense is exceedingly rare, although it must be premised that Calverly's ideal of form in translation is something very different from the mere reproduction of the metre. He insisted that a translation whose artificiality is obvious, sins in the spirit, however it may be mechanically correct; and, judged by this test, even Lord Tennyson's *aleaics* fail of their purpose. So Calverly translated the Theocritean idyls in a variety of metres, some of which are far enough removed in mechanical structure from the originals. But the result — and this is the supreme test — is indubitably poetry, and it is at the same time what Pope's "Homer," for example, is not, a real translation. Mr. Lang has made a very beautiful version of Theocritus in prose that is almost poetry, as the following passage from the first idyl will illustrate: "Now violets bear, ye brambles, ye thorns bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded,—from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales."

But Calverly has done even better than this, for, with hardly less of literalness, he has turned the passage into such English poetry as the following:

"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies deck the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingales."

Merely to call this poetry is not enough; it is poetry of the divinest sort; it has the harmony of which Shakespeare alone was the constant master. And it is safe to say that no English translation of Theocritus will ever surpass that which is tuned to this key.

After the lapse of ten years or more, Mr. Arthur John Butler has completed his edition of "The Divine Comedy" by the publication of the first Cantica.

The method is that employed in the other two; text, prose translation, and notes all coming together on the page, by far the most convenient arrangement for such a work. The translation is hardly equal, as English prose, to Dr. Carlyle's, but scholarship has done much for Dante since Carlyle's "Inferno" was published, and the advantage to Mr. Butler's version is inevitable. The latter, in his preface, pays a handsome tribute to Carlyle, as well as to Cary and Dr. Moore. Cary's translation, we are told, remains "unquestionably the best book to which the study of Dante in England has ever given birth. It is astonishing how constantly it occurs that when one has hunted up, or fortuitously come across, some passage to illustrate Dante rather out of the ordinary run of literature, one finds that Cary has got it already." Mr. Butler's volume has a glossary and notes that represent the latest results of investigation, and that are as noticeable for what they omit as for what they include. It is a matter for congratulation that English scholarship should have produced so thorough and attractive an edition of "The Divine Comedy" as that now completed. In this connection, we also note the appearance of the "Purgatory" in Professor Norton's prose translation. There is little choice between the prose of the two translators. Mr. Butler is more literal; Professor Norton more graceful. It seems to us desirable, if one must err, that the error should be in the direction of literality. And Mr. Butler's edition has the great advantage of presenting the Italian text with the translation, as well as offering a better selection of notes.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

IT WERE hard to find a happier illustration of the vitality of genius than the charming volume of Emily James Smith's "Selections from Lucian" (Harper) affords us. A man of letters in the latter half of the second century of our era put his wit and wisdom into such perfect moulds that under all the disadvantage of transfer into an alien tongue, and with sixteen hundred years to dull the edge of them, they are as fresh today as Hawthorne and Thackeray, as modern as M. Halévy or Miss Wilkins. The cock might have crowed or the ass brayed this very daybreak. Loukios and Palaistra flirt like the boys and girls we know. As one reads, it is not Lucian who is translated; it is oneself. The delicate pellucid air of Greece is between him and these living shapes. It is not the Greece of Lucian's day, but of the unfading epoch six centuries earlier. It is hard to think of Lucian as writing in a time of decadence, as later than Plutarch and coeval with Galen and Dion Cassius. It is hard to be persuaded that these choice dialogues were as much a literary reconstruction in their time as Thackeray's "Esmond" or Landor's "Imagin-

ary Conversations." It seems as if Lucian, before abandoning sculpture for literature, must have been employed on the frieze of the Parthenon, have had his lessons from Phidias, gossiped with Aspasia, and discussed the gods with Socrates. Very adroitly has the long-buried wine been decanted to retain so well its sparkle and aroma. The scholars must have their say as to the accuracy of the present version, but all who read may note its grace and vivacity. The translator is enough at home in her task to venture to play with it. She can use a spurt of slang on occasion without disturbing the classical repose of her English, and talk of "a person not bad to look at," and "the daintiest thing going." No most modern writer of "short stories" could be less musty and pedantic, more lightly colloquial. An admirable introduction proves that she can write wisely and well in her own person, with a critical discrimination as to the precise worth of her author. Even Coleridge once strained his pen in declaring "the moral sublimity of Rabelais," and who knows what critic may discover the deep philosophic significance of Kipling? Our translator indulges herself in no such vagaries, but presents Lucian to her readers as the man of letters pure and simple, who fluttered about the old Greek temples and the cook-shops for his own amusement, and jotted down his thoughts about them afterward for ours.

HENRY T. KING's new volume, "The Idealist" (Lippincott), is made up of some 130 brief moralizings upon various random themes, the author's purpose being, as he tells us, "to make men feel uncomfortable." With this amiable end in view he assails various abuses and hypocrisies, and develops his own views of the right ruling of conduct with a snappishness of tone and a lavish use of the first personal pronoun that will tend, we fear, to set his readers upon demanding Mr. King's credentials rather than upon weighing his precepts. The volume opens ostentatiously with a "Prelude" in which the writer tells us all about his book and his methods, his likes and his dislikes (the latter greatly preponderating), and takes himself, on the whole, rather more seriously than the occasion seems to warrant. "I care not," he says, "how violent [*sic*] the storm may rage, how bitter the denunciation I may invoke, but I do care if any reader shall believe that I am writing obtrusive paradoxes." Mr. King proposes to be nothing if not original, and he affects a lofty contempt for "grammarians' rules" and the deference to approved models that fetter the pens of lesser men. "I know of no statute," he avers, "which declares the true use of the English language; no author who holds it in trust. It is free to every man to use as best fits his purpose." Just stopping to point out to Mr. King the confusion of tongues that might possibly ensue were his opinion to prevail, and to remind him as a lawyer that there is a body of unwritten law no less binding than that which is statutory, we may say of his style—which is singularly harsh, crabbed,

jerky, and at times by no means so clear as he honestly tries to make it,—that it is even more likely than his censure "to make men feel uncomfortable." Mr. King does "not think that there is anything second-hand" in his book. "I have no quotation padding," he proudly asserts. A few pages later, however, we find him saying, "I know of no flattery so soothing as to have your words quoted by others." We suggest that if our author expects others to soothe him in this way, he ought, as a Christian and an ideal moralist, to be willing to soothe them; and we may add in passing that a casual review of his pages,—in which there is certainly an occasional hint of triteness,—indicates that one may, in effect, pay compliments of the kind designated without being aware of it. The volume at its best denotes a considerable faculty of stringing together pungent aphorisms with a touch of Baconian sententiousness and a full measure of Emersonian disconnectedness. The publishers have shown good taste in their part of the work, and the volume is an attractive one externally.

THERE is a good deal of presuming in this curious world of ours. Men presume on their muscle, and women on their weakness, and children on the graces of their immaturity. Each would dominate without an effort, and be graciously deferred to. Each is conscious of specific admirableness, and expects recognition. Americans presume on being natives, and claim credit for not having been born Irish or Chinese. The Frenchman is quite certain that all good roads pass through Paris and are an extension of the Boulevards. John Bull pities the dulness that questions if all liberty and virtue are most at home in England. There is the Boston type, the New York type, the Philadelphia type, even the Chicago type, of conscious superiority and corresponding behavior. Each claims the earth and all outlying territory. The pretension is not always gracefully asserted, and impartial bystanders are a little grieved at the manners resulting. The over-assurance of privilege is very pervasive. Even authors sometimes treat themselves with undue seriousness. They dwell too long, or bear on too hard, upon even a bright idea. Mr. Oscar Fay Adams may not have thought of this in putting into a volume on "The Presumption of Sex" (Lee & Shepard) his recent magazine articles on "The Mannerless Sex," "The Brutal Sex," etc. After all, it may be doubted whether any wide circle was agitated by the tossing of Mr. Adams's first pebble. It was flippant neatly. It fell with a quite perceptible splash and splatter. The ripples ran out a little way before they died. But the mannerless and ruthless sex was hardly flattered in its dovescots, and the brutal and vulgar sex puffed its cigar-smoke into its neighbors' faces and told its shady stories as before. There is good sense and right feeling in these papers. With a finer humor and a lighter touch they might have passed out of journalism into literature. As it is, their

hints may well be heeded. There is room for more gracious womanhood and manlier and purer manhood in several New England villages and one or two mining camps on our western frontier, doubt it who may.

Two works dealing with a similar subject are "Books Condemned to Be Burnt" (Armstrong), by James A. Farrer, and "Martyrdoms of Literature" (Sergel & Co., Chicago), by Robert H. Vickers. It is curious to see two volumes issued simultaneously on a theme of such out of the way interest. We can fancy each author encountering his rival's volume with a stare of incredulity and a petulant outburst of "How in the world did *you* happen to be born?" Mr. Farrer, after a brief introduction, confines himself to the martyrdoms of literature in England. He modestly aims at "something less dull than a dictionary, but something far short of a history." His success is sufficient. He writes like a scholar and a man of letters, at home in his subject. His volume is marked by good taste in its style. Mr. Vickers's volume in its outward form suggests the better sort of school-book, an impression that its contents hardly justify. It ranges from *Rameses the Great* and "the trigrams of Fo Hi" to the book burnings of Malabar, of Brazil, and of Chile, of which last the recent revolution deprives us of authentic record. The author's material is somewhat muddled and undigested. His temper is quite uncritical. He has much to say of "superstitious venom," of "missionary banditti," of "fiendish fanaticisms," of "cancerous imaginings." He tells us of Abelard, that, "caught between two difficulties, he repaired as best he could the wrong caused by himself, leaving the other and greater wrong done to Heloise as well as to him by the monstrous tyranny of celibate vows to be repaired by those who were, at the bar of the high court of human nature, guilty of compassing evils of precisely that character." He speaks of a city as "eaten hollow by the devouring force of her one solitary idea." In a more distressing sentence still he announces "the story of Bohemia, which will succeed this volume." Under provocation from an overfond mother, Charles Lamb once drank to the health of the much calumniated good King Herod. Mr. Vickers's threatened volume tempts a reviewer to sigh for one hour more of the blessed Inquisition. It had its faults, but it might spare us "the story of Bohemia."

AMONG the "University Extension Manuals" (Scribner) edited by Professor Knight, has just appeared a little book by H. G. Keene, Hon. M.A., Oxford, upon "The Literature of France." In a concise but striking style are discussed the most famous French writings, from the oath by which Louis the German bound himself to Charles the Bold in 842 A.D., down to the criticism published by M. Paul Bourget in 1883 on Mr. George Saintsbury's "Short History of French Literature." Though acknowledging a large indebtedness to Mr.

Saintsbury, Mr. Keene has quite as often followed the critical judgments of La Harpe—who, if we may trust Mr. Saintsbury, "shows criticism in one of its worst forms, and has all the defects of Malherbe and Boileau with few of their merits and none of their excuses." Mr. Keene has aimed neither at originality nor novelty; and with the exception of M. Paul Bourget (who is admitted to the appendix to advertise Mr. Saintsbury) has said not a word of living French writers. Though George Sand had the happy fortune to be dead when our author wrote, yet far less space is allotted to her than to La Harpe or Vauvenargues, and neither her name as a married woman nor that of any of her works is mentioned. To commend any author to the fastidious palates of our transatlantic cousins, it appears that, like their mutton, one must not only be dead, but "very dead." While Mr. Keene has "assumed the existence of certain rules and standards," and endeavors to pursue the study of literature "in a spirit of scientific comparison," after all, for him, "the golden rule is to look to the judgment of the past for our chief guide in the selection of books." He says: "It takes a good critic to be quite sure of the merits of a modern book," and that, to do him justice, Mr. Keene is not. He divides French literary history into "The Age of Infancy" prior to the sixteenth century, "The Age of Adolescence" in that century, "The Age of Glory" in the seventeenth century, "The Age of Reason" in the eighteenth, and "The Age of Nature" in the nineteenth.

SEVEN masterpieces of party pamphleteering, with a few explanatory words to each and a dozen pages of general introduction, make up the pretty pocket-volume entitled "Political Pamphlets" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. In these days of caucuses and committees it is interesting to get a glimpse of the earlier times when printed pages affected public policy and pamphlets fired kingdoms. The papers here collected were issued from 1687, when the Marquess of Halifax urged the dissenters of his time not to be tempted by the treacherous overtures of James the Second, to 1826, when Sir Walter Scott defended Scotch Banking in the letters of Malachi Malagrowth. We have Defoe's sustained irony, that almost loses its significance by never once dropping its mask, in "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." We have two of the Drapier's letters, in which Dean Swift, with magical marksmanship but some waste of powder, shattered Mr. Wood's brass halfpence and saved Ireland from an over-issue of small change. We have Burke's philosophical review of the French Revolution, in his second letter on a Regicide Peace. Sidney Smith shows his rare good sense and "art of putting things" in four of the Peter Plymley letters. Cobbett, in pithiest Saxon, tells the working men of 1816 how wretched they are, and why, and what remedies to distrust, and where lies their safety. It is curious to find that honest demagogue

warning the poor against "the new cheat which is now on foot and which goes under the name of Savings Banks"! The collection is well chosen, and Mr. Saintsbury's editing is brief and to the purpose.

IN preparing his life of Viscount Palmerston in "The Queen's Prime Ministers" series (Harper), the Marquis of Lorne has wisely availed himself of the enormous amount of correspondence, official and private, left behind by the "fair and square" political fighter whose official career extended over nearly sixty years, allowing him to speak wherever feasible, and thus indicate in his own way the objects and motives that influenced him. Most of these quotations, drawn from matter hitherto inaccessible, appear in print for the first time. Lord Palmerston's character is thus summed up by the author: "Palmerston was emphatically painstaking, but he was not a genius, whose work may be manifold, but whose career is seldom steady."

Palmerston had a good head, good health, which is seldom found with genius, and a matter-of-fact way of going ahead, making his experience of one matter the solid step from which to judge of the next that came before him. He repeated himself over and over again consistently, in act as well as in phrase—a very ungeniuslike quality. A plain Englishman, with many an Englishman's want of the feminine attributes of character, but with most of its best masculine qualities, he plodded on, and finally won that goal of an Englishman's ambition—the honorable, but not always enviable, position of First Minister of the Crown." An interesting chapter on Lord Palmerston's personal characteristics rounds out the view of the politician and statesman.

ANOTHER volume in the same series is devoted to the Marquis of Salisbury, and written by H. D. Traill. Mr. Traill's work may be said to be favored as well as handicapped by the fact that its hero is still in the flesh and in full public career; for while anything like a satisfactory Life of Lord Salisbury is of course out of the question at present, the book at once gains interest and favor from the general desire to know more of a statesman whose name is so closely connected with current political questions. Mr. Traill has done his work as thoroughly as space and other conditions permit; and, while making no effort to hide his strong conservative bias and his warm sympathy with Lord Salisbury's methods and ideals, he has not erred obtrusively on the side of hero-worship. It is in his favorite capacity of Foreign Minister that the Tory Premier elicits the author's heartiest approval. He says: "A just conception of our Empire and of the stupendous task of directing its destiny, may well stir in him the blood of his Elizabethan ancestors; and it is no doubt partly because he impresses other nations as a statesman hereditarily dedicated to the maintenance of our Imperial power and security that he wields the influence

which is his. European courts and cabinets must know that to whatever external forces of restraint or deflection his foreign policy, like that of all other English Ministers, may be exposed, there is no public man in England who stands surety for English interests and English honor under heavier recognizances of blood and name." All the volumes in this series contain frontispiece portraits.

THE volume of "New Fragments" (Appleton), from the pen of that veteran expositor of Nature, Professor John Tyndall, presents a rather miscellaneous *mélange* of scientific discussion, biographical sketch, anecdote, reminiscence, and personal jottings. There are fifteen papers in all, largely occasional addresses and reprints from standard periodicals; the best, perhaps, being "Goethe's Farbenlehre," "Count Rumford," "Louis Pasteur," "Personal Recollections of Carlyle," and a suggestive address on "The Sabbath," originally delivered before the Glasgow Sunday Society, in which the Professor traces with much philosophy and humor the history of Sabbatical observances from a time when the Sabbath was so ordered as to render it a foretaste of the horrors awaiting those who broke it, down to the present day when a more humane system prevails. It is scarcely necessary to say that Professor Tyndall is not in accord with those belated zealots

"That bid you baulk

A Sunday walk,

And shun God's works as you would shun your own;

Calling all sermons contrabands

In that great Temple that's not made with hands."

Thoroughly readable and instructive are the critical and narrative papers on Goethe, Count Rumford, and M. Pasteur; and the essays throughout display a rare union of the solidity born of profound scientific study and first-hand grappling with facts, with the graces of literary expression.

NOT all sermons fifty years after date retain their first juice and fragrance. Ministers who inherit their predecessor's provisions for the pulpit are rarely overtempted to make use of them. Something has departed. Each generation prefers its own preaching. The fledgeling from the divinity school, with his thought of to-day, draws better houses than the venerable divine. So it will not be strange if the recently issued volume of Theodore Parker's "West Roxbury Sermons" (Roberts), now half a century old, adds nothing to a great preacher's fame. They had their vogue. They were his 'prentice work, written before he reached his growth, before he had grappled with his problems, fought his dragons, flung away his unproved armor, settled down to his sling-and-stone methods, and acquired his sledge-hammer swing. He moved still contentedly in the old grooves. He had not come upon the occasion of shocking the more conservative elements of so-called Liberal Christianity. He is inoffensive to those of more orthodox opinion, who

have not stood still these fifty years. These are practical discourses, suited to common parochial use. Men of all creeds can enjoy their pithy sense, their earnest manliness, their devout spirituality, their "Saxon sincerity," their rich poetic illustration. They may be glad to see this earlier and simpler aspect of the admired or the dreaded heresiarch, whose outlines are growing somewhat vague to us in these latter days.

MESSRS. Macmillan & Co.'s series of primers has long been favorably known. In order better to adapt Professor Nichol's "Primer of English Composition" to the requirements of school use, a companion book of questions and answers was prepared by Professor Nichol and W. S. McCormick, and the two are now published in one neat volume under the title of "A Manual of English Composition."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1892.

Aeroplane, The. H. S. Maxim. *Cosmopolitan*.
 American Ancient Civilizations. J. S. Newberry. *Pop. Sci.*
 American Glaciers. Illus. C. R. Ames. *Californian*.
 American Home in Europe. An. W. H. Bishop. *Atlantic*.
 American Political Caricature. Illus. J. B. Bishop. *Century*.
 America's Great Desert. W. F. G. Shanks. *Lippincott*.
 Animals' View of Man. *Popular Science*.
 Atlantic Steamships. T. M. Coan. *Century*.
 Austin, John. Janet Ross. *Atlantic*.
 Austro-Hungarian Army. Illus. Baron von Kuhn. *Harper*.
 Bible Lands. Sir J. W. Dawson. *North American*.
 Biology and Sociology. L. G. Jones. *Popular Science*.
 Black Forest to the Black Sea. Illus. F. D. Millet. *Harper*.
 Brie-à-Brac, Counterfeit. Illus. *Cosmopolitan*.
 British Fiction, Recent. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Budapest. Illus. Albert Shaw. *Century*.
 Cattle Trails, Prairie. Illus. C. M. Harger. *Scribner*.
 Chicago. Noble Canby. *Chautauquan*.
 Chicago Fire Memories. David Swing. *Scribner*.
 Chihuahuas Cliff-Dwellers. Illus. F. Schwatka. *Century*.
 Chinese and Japanese. E. F. Fenolosa. *Atlantic*.
 Columbus. Illus. E. Castelar. *Century*.
 Diatoms. Illus. Emily L. Gregory. *Popular Science*.
 Drury Lane Boys' Club. Mrs. Burnett. *Scribner*.
 Dust and Fresh Air. T. P. Teale. *Popular Science*.
 Editorial Experiences. Murat Halstead. *Lippincott*.
 Emerson's Letters from Europe. F. B. Sanborn. *Atlantic*.
 English in the United States. J. R. Towse. *Chautauquan*.
 Evolution and Christianity. St. George Mivart. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Forest Preservation in California. Thos. Magee. *Overland*.
 Funeral Orations in Stone. Illus. C. Waldstein. *Harper*.
 Fur-Seals. Illus. J. C. Cantwell. *Californian*.
 Galileo and Theology. A. D. White. *Popular Science*.
 Gold King's Rule. Murat Halstead. *North American*.
 Greek Papyri in Egyptian Tombs. E. G. Mason. *Dial*.
 Harrison's Administration. Dawes, Dolph, Colquitt. *No. Am.*
 Henry, Patrick. W. F. Poole. *Dial*.
 Hull, Commodore, Birthplace of. Illus. Jane Shelton. *Harper*.
 Japanese Swords, Art in. Illus. *Californian*.
 Kentucky: How It Became a State. G. W. Ranek. *Harper*.
 Kilauoa, Hawaii, Crater of. Illus. May Cheney. *Overland*.
 Korean Mountains. C. W. Campbell. *Popular Science*.
 Labor, U. S. Department of. C. D. Wright. *Cosmopolitan*.
 La Crosse. Illus. Frederick Weir. *Lippincott*.
 Lake Tahoe. Illus. Annie C. Murphy. *Californian*.
 Landy's Lane. Illus. E. S. Brooks. *Chautauquan*.
 Medici, The. Illus. Eleanor Lewis. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Mobs. Cesare Lombroso. *Chautauquan*.
 Modern Life and Art. Walter Crane. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Montana. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.

Mt. Ætna. Illus. A. F. Jaccaci. *Scribner*.
 Mt. St. Elias Revisited. Illus. I. C. Russell. *Century*.
 National Conventions. Illus. Murat Halstead. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Negro's Education. W. T. Harris. *Atlantic*.
 New France, Downfall of. J. G. Nicolay. *Chautauquan*.
 New Zealand. Illus. Edward Wakefield. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Nice, Poor of. Illus. Fannie Barbour. *Californian*.
 New York Clearing House. W. A. Camp. *North American*.
 New York Tenement Houses. Illus. W. T. Elsing. *Scribner*.
 Old English Dramatists. J. R. Lowell. *Harper*.
 Pacific Jew Fish. Illus. C. F. Holder. *Californian*.
 Paranoia. H. S. Williams. *North American*.
 Pearl-Diving in California Gulf. Illus. *Californian*.
 Peru, Eastern. Illus. C. de Kalb. *Harper*.
 Plantation Life, Old-Time. A. C. McClurg. *Dial*.
 Poetry, Melancholia in. E. C. Stedman. *Century*.
 Poetry, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Poetry since Pope. Maurice Thompson. *Chautauquan*.
 Politicians, Educating. C. T. Hopkins. *Californian*.
 Presidential Relection. D. B. Eaton. *North American*.
 Railway Court, A. Appleton Morgan. *Popular Science*.
 Rapid Transit in Cities. Illus. T. C. Clarke. *Scribner*.
 Revolutions, Modern. Karl Blind. *North American*.
 Roman Private Life. Harriet W. Preston. *Atlantic*.
 Sea-Beaches. Illus. N. S. Shaler. *Scribner*.
 Sheridan's Personality. Illus. T. R. Davis. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Sicilian Pensants. Signora V. Mario. *Chautauquan*.
 Simians of Africa. R. L. Garner. *North American*.
 Smith, Roswell. Washington Gladden, and others. *Century*.
 Snake River Valley. J. R. Spears. *Chautauquan*.
 Stellar System, A New. Arthur Searle. *Atlantic*.
 Survival of the Unfit. H. D. Chapin. *Popular Science*.
 Thorwaldsen. Illus. C. M. Waaga. *Californian*.
 Town Meeting, The. E. E. Hale. *Cosmopolitan*.
 Track Athletics in Calif. Illus. P. L. Weaver, Jr. *Overland*.
 Water, Colors of. Carl Vogt. *Popular Science*.
 Weeds. B. D. Halstead. *Popular Science*.
 Westminster's Future. Archdeacon Farrar. *No. American*.
 West, Struggle for the. Illus. J. B. McMaster. *Lippincott*.
 West, The. J. J. Ingalls. *Lippincott*.
 Whitman, Walt. *Atlantic*.
 Whitman, Walt. C. D. Lanier. *Chautauquan*.
 Wounded Soldiers' Actions. G. L. Kilmer. *Popular Science*.
 Wrens. Olive Thorne Miller. *Atlantic*.
 Yucca Moths. Illus. C. V. Riley. *Popular Science*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list, embracing 161 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL during the month of May, 1892.]

HISTORY.

A Half-Century of Conflict. By Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World." In 2 vols., 8vo. Little, Brown, & Co. \$5.00.
 New Chapters in Greek History: Historical Results of Recent Excavations in Greece and Asia Minor. By Percy Gardner, M.A. Illus., 8vo, pp. 439, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.
 The History of Sicily from the earliest times. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. III., The Athenian and Carthaginian Invasions. With maps, 8vo, pp. 750, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$6.00.
 The Spanish Story of the Armada, and Other Essays. By James Anthony Froude. 12mo, pp. 344. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 The Colonial Era. By George Park Fisher, D.D. With maps, 12mo, pp. 350. Scribner's "American History Series." \$1.25.
 The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus. Compiled from accepted authorities, by Frederick Saunders, Librarian of the Astor Library. Illus., 12mo, pp. 145. Thomas Whitaker. \$1.00.
 Columbus Memorial, 1492-1892: Discovery, Settlement, Independence, etc. With descriptions and illustrations of World's Fair Buildings, and maps and plans. 4to, paper. Chicago: J. W. Iliff & Co. 50 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCE.

- Christopher Columbus: His Life and His Work. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 261. Dodd's "Makers of America." \$1.00.
- Charles Sumner. By Anna Laurens Dawes. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 330. Dodd's "Makers of America." \$1.00.
- Henry Boynton Smith. By Lewis F. Stearns, D.D. 16mo, pp. 368, gilt top. Houghton's "American Religious Leaders." \$1.25.
- Early Days of My Episcopate. By the Rt. Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kipp, D.D., Bishop of California. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 263. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.50.
- Eli Perkins: Thirty Years of Wit and Reminiscences. By Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins). With portrait, 16mo, pp. 305. Cassell's "Sunshine Series." Paper, 50 cts.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

- Essays and Criticisms. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. In 2 vols., 8vo, uncut. Little, Brown, & Co. \$8.00.
- Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Collected and edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., editor of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." In 2 vols., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut edges. Harper & Brothers. \$7.50.
- The Last Words of Thomas Carlyle: Wotton Reinfred, a Romance; Excursion (Futile Enough) to Paris; Letters. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 383, gilt top, uncut edges. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.
- The Old South: Essays Social and Political. By Thomas Nelson Page. 12mo, pp. 344. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Social and Literary Papers. By Charles Chauncey Shafford. 12mo, pp. 299. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- Sources of Consolation in Human Life. By William Rounseville Alger, author of "The Genius of Solitude." 16mo, pp. 437. Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.
- Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. With biographical and explanatory notes by Charles G. Crump. Vol. 6, 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- Selections from "The Spectator" of Addison and Steele. By A. Meserole, LL.B. With etched portrait, 16mo, pp. 410, gilt top. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.
- The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. III., Paradise. 12mo, pp. 215, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Beowulf: An Anglo-Saxon Epic Poem. Translated from the Heyne-Socin Text by J. Lesslie Hall. 8vo, pp. 110. D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.10.
- The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In 9 vols. Vol. VI., Troilus and Cressida, Coriolanus, etc. Large 8vo, pp. 646, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.00.
- Shakespeare's England. By William Winter. New edition, 32mo, pp. 274, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
- The Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors, 1741-1850. By Albert H. Smith, A.B. 12mo, pp. 264. Philadelphia: Robert M. Lindsay. \$1.00.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

- The English Language and English Grammar: An Historical Study. With copious examples from writers of all periods. By Samuel Ramsey. Large 8vo, pp. 571, gilt top, uncut edges. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.
- Lectures on the English Poets. By William Hazlitt. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 342, gilt top, uncut edges. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
- A Primer of English Verse: Chiefly in Its Aesthetic and Organic Character. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 232. Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
- Cathcart's Literary Reader: A Manual of English Literature. By George R. Cathcart. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 541. Am. Book Co. \$1.15.

POETRY.

- Lays and Legends (Second Series). By E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland), author of "Lays and Legends." With portrait, 16mo, pp. 160, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.
- Dreams and Days. By George Parsons Lathrop. 12mo, pp. 188, gilt top, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

- Flower o' the Vine: Romantic Ballads and Sospiri di Roma. By William Sharp. With introduction by T. A. Janvier. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 188, gilt top. C. L. Webster & Co. \$1.50.
- Swallow Flights. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "In the Garden of Dreams." A new edition of "Poems," with ten additional poems. 16mo, pp. 168, gilt top. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling. 12mo, pp. 207, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- The Dead Nymph, and Other Poems. By Charles Henry Liders. 16mo, pp. 134, gilt top, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Wings of Icarus. By Susan Marr Spalding. 12mo, pp. 111, full gilt. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses. By W. E. Henley. 16mo, pp. 102, uncut edges. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
- Leading Cases Done into English, and Other Diversions. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. 16mo, pp. 98, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.
- Hassan: A Vision of the Desert. By John Ritchie. 8vo, gilt edges. F. J. Schulte & Co. \$1.00.
- Lyrics of the Hudson. By Horatio Nelson Powers, author of "Ten Years of Song." With Memorial Introduction by Oscar Fay Adams. 16mo, pp. 97, gilt top. D. Lothrop Co. \$1.00.
- Summer-Fallow. By Charles Buxton Going. 16mo, pp. 96, gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.
- The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry: A Collection of Love Poems for Every Day in the Year. By Horace Parker Chandler. Vol. II., July to December. 16mo, pp. 229, gilt top. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- In the City by the Lake. By Blanche Fearing, author of "The Sleeping World." 8vo, pp. 192, gilt top. Chicago: Searle & Gorton. \$1.25.

FICTION.

- Tess of the D'Urbervilles: A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented. By Thomas Hardy, author of "A Group of Noble Dames." New and revised edition, illus., 12mo, pp. 453. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- The Governor, and Other Stories. By George A. Hibbard. 12mo, pp. 292. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
- A Voyage of Discovery: A Novel of American Society. By Hamilton Aidé. 12mo, pp. 305. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- Calmire. 12mo, pp. 742. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
- Love for an Hour is Love Forever. By Amelia E. Barr, author of "Friend Olivia." 12mo, pp. 306. Dodd, Mead, & Co. \$1.25.
- A Daughter of the South, and Shorter Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs." 12mo, pp. 281. Cassell Publishing Co. \$1.00.
- The New Harry and Lucy: A Story of the Boston of Today. By Edward E. and Lucretia P. Hale. 16mo, pp. 321. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- "Come Live with Me, and Be My Love." An English Pastoral. By Robert Buchanan, author of "God and the Man." Illus., 8vo, pp. 324. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.
- The Fate of Fenella: A Novel. By Helen Mathers, Justin H. McCarthy, and 22 others. 16mo, pp. 319. Cassell Publishing Co. \$1.00.
- Marionettes. By Julien Gordon, author of "A Diplomat's Diary." 16mo, pp. 320. Cassell Publishing Co. \$1.00.
- Nada the Lily. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "She." Illus., 12mo, pp. 295. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.00.
- The One Good Guest. By L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." 12mo, pp. 330. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.00.
- Born of Flame: A Rosierucian Story. By Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke. 12mo, pp. 299. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
- The Soul of Lillith. By Marie Corelli, author of "Ardath." 12mo, pp. 356. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.
- The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle, author of "The Firm of Girdlestone." Illus., 12mo, pp. 483. U. S. Book Co. \$1.25.
- Moonlight and Six Feet of Romance. By Dan. Beard. Illus. by author. 12mo, pp. 221. C. L. Webster & Co. \$1.00.
- Col. Judson of Alabama; or, A Southerner's Experiences at the North. By F. Bean, author of "Padney & Walp." 16mo, pp. 197. U. S. Book Co. \$1.00.

- Slaves of the Sawdust.** By Ayme Reade, author of "Ruby." 12mo, pp. 312. Hovenden Company. \$1.00.
- A Window in Thrums.** By J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister." 12mo, pp. 234, gilt top. Lovell, Corryell, & Co. \$1.00.
- Helen Brent, M.D.: A Social Study.** Oblong, pp. 196. Cassell Publishing Co. 75 cts.
- Pratt Portraits.** Sketched in a New England Suburb. By Anna Fuller. 16mo, pp. 325. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
- Pushed by Unseen Hands.** By Helen H. Gardener, author of "Men, Women, and Gods." With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 303. The Commonwealth Co. \$1.00.
- The Story of Dick.** By Major Gambier Parry, author of "Reynell Taylor." 12mo, pp. 237. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
- Don Finimondone: Calabrian Sketches.** By Elizabeth Cavazza. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 179. C. L. Webster & Co. 75 cts.
- The Heresy of Mehetabel Clark.** By Annie Trumbull Slosson, author of "Seven Dreams." 18mo, pp. 103. Harper & Brothers. 75 cts.
- Imperia: A Story of the Court of Austria.** By Octavia Hensel. 16mo, pp. 352. Charles Wells Moulton. 75 cts.
- Harry Lorrequer.** By Charles Lever. Illus. by "Phiz." In 2 vols., 12mo, gilt top, uncut edges. Little, Brown, & Co. \$5.00.
- Arthur O'Leary: His Wanderings and Ponderings in Many Lands.** By Charles Lever. Illus. by George Cruikshank. 12mo, pp. 500, gilt top, uncut edges. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.50.
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BOSTON, May 5th, 1892.

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